HOLY JUMPERS LIVE BY LEAPS AND PRAYERS

New York.—Hidden on a little New Jersey farm, a community of sixty persons, one-half of them children, are trying to vitalize a complete reaction against money greed, hypocrisy, and the present-day Christian church and to keep it alive by religious hysteria.

They depend on "faith" (i. e., prayer) for food, clothing, and the bare necessities of life.

They have followed the injunction of Jesus to sell their goods, give the proceeds to the poor, and follow Him.

Medicines and physicians are forbidden, and their only treatment for disease consists of prayer and anointing the body with oil.

Officials of the state of New Jersey say that if any one dies after such treatment those concerned are guilty of criminal negligence and indictable for manslaughter.

The community is managed on the co-operative plan, no one receiving wages for work, and all supplies going into a common fund, the men and women sharing the work on an equal basis.

Converts are kept in a high state of religious excitement by a conglomeration of Biblical text, sophistry, and slang, and talk of modern saints and miracles.

Seeking to live according to Biblical injunction, they work themselves into a frenzy, march, dance, and leap high in the air, hence their name, Holy Jumpers.

A member of the community has already been taken to the Somerset County Insane Asylum suffering from religious mania.

What the Jumpers Are Like.

Such, in brief, is a summary of the lives of the Holy Jumpers on their farm near Weston, a station on the Reading railway five miles southwest of Bound Brook. Attention was attracted to them by a report that they are to invade New York in the manner of "Elijah" Dowie and his Zionists. What manner of people are these who would fill Broadway with their cries and wild dances? The question led to a visit to Weston.

"Where are the Holy Jumpers?" the reporter asked a farmer he met on the way.

"Right down thar on the towpath where yer see that barn and windmill," he replied. "Do they jump? Yer bet they do. I was at their prayer meeting last Sunday. One of 'em—Brother Harman, they called him—man as big as you, six feet high. Waal, Brother Harman yelled 'Hallelujah!' jest as loud as he could, gathered up his legs under him, and jumped—it looked as if he jumped most as high as that thar lamppost.

"They're praying most all the time, too. Some weeks since one of the fellers here was a-comin' up the towpath and chanced to look over toward the Jumpers' place. Sure as I'm here, thar was a Holy Jumper standin' a-top their haystack, his hands up in the air, praying for all he was worth. Guess he was praying about the hay.

"These Jumpers seem to be decent enough, though," the farmer added, "only they keep mostly to themselves."

Thus primed, the reporter walked down the Delaware and Raritan canal to the Holy Jumpers' farm to meet one of the most curious experiences to be found near New York.

Reporter Unconvinced.

He went to scoff; he could not stay to pray. The hymns, sophistry, and the plight of 30 little children were too uncanny; his sense of humor too acute. Yet, as he left, one question was burning in his mind: Are these simple, possibly misguided people solving the great social question of co-operation by the mere force of their religious zeal, where others have failed, especially in the famous Brook Farm experiment, by an excess of theory and knowledge!

"Zarephath." A big sign at a turn of the road bore the name of the Holy Jumpers' settlement. Lower down, at the entrance to the dooryard, was an arch and "The Pillar of Fire" on it.

A "saint" passed on a bicycle. He wore the uniform of the sect—a black shirt and helmet. The men in the market gardens on either side had the garments of the "workers"—blue shirts and breeches. The "sister" who received the reporter wore a dress of similar material.

In the bare reception room one sound predominated over all others. Outside were sunshine and the song of life—the click of the windmill, locusts, and bees buzzing in a cornfield, the chatter of children, the sound of hammers as the workers raised a big tent for the camp meeting. Inside was the sound of hymns pounded out on a hard-toned piano, persistently, monotonously, endlessly until the visitor thought of the most maddening in the list of ancient tortures—the steady drip of water on a man or woman's head.

"You have been very successful here!" began the reporter.

"The Lord's blessing has been upon us." The "sister" answered absently, as if in a dream or listening to the torturing hymns.

Home Is Gift of Believer.

"You own this place?"

"Yes. It was given to us about two years ago by Mrs. Garretson—Mrs. W. P. Garretson. She saw the true light—the light of the Lord in faith—she and her son and her two daughters. We have been here about a year and a half. There are 80 acres of land and 30 grown people, some of them married, but mostly young men and women, and about as many more children. They have given up all their worldly goods and followed Him."

"You must have plenty of money, then?"

"Oh, no," with a smile. "People with worldly goods are not eager to give them up and follow the Lord."

Gradually more facts came out after persistent questioning. Six years ago, Mrs. Alma White, wife of a Methodist preacher in Denver, was inspired to preach on her own account. The conference of the Methodist church would not make her a full fledged minister. But "the Lord blessed her in singing," so she started her own church. She calls it the Pentecostal Union, her neighbors, "The Pillar of Fire"; the public, the Holy Jumpers. The "sister" who was talking called it "the holiness movement—the Methodist church as it was in the days of Wesley, before people thought only of worldly things and the ministers of preaching and prayer for wage."

Mrs. White is still the head—the Mrs. Eddy, the Mrs. Piper—of the sect. She lives in Denver, where the Holy Jumpers have a Bible school and 150 missioners and the union got a charter in 1902. Mrs. White's brother, C. W. Bridwell, is the head of the farm at Weston, which is the eastern headquarters of the sect. There are other mission houses in Los Angeles, and Lafayette, Ind., with a dozen missionaries each.

Have Biblical Authority.

"What are the peculiar ceremonies of your sect? You march and dance?"

"Oh, yes," the girl replied. "Are we not told in the Bible how David danced before the Ark of the Covenant, 'yea, and was exceedingly glad?' Did not Miriam dance with joy when Israel was delivered from the hands of the Egyptians and the Red sea flowed back and confounded the enemies of the Lord's people? Again, in the New Testament the dance is mentioned as a part of religious worship."

"Yes, and singing—'even with cymbals and spawns,'" quoted the reporter.

"Yes—yes—we use cymbals, drums, too. And we often sing to the music of banjos and guitars—"

"You have harps, too?"

"We play on autoharps. But most of our music is on the piano. As we sing, we dance as they did in the old days, marching about, and jumping up and down in our gladness. That is why they call us Jumpers."

These were the words of the religionist, the sentimentalist. On the other hand, strangely bald and strangely compounded of Scriptural phrase and modern sophistry is the official explanation of the jumping habit. Here it is:

Why They Jump.

After they had organized into a church, entirely independent of everything that was backslidden and out on the line God wanted, He began to give light on many important doctrines which we preach and practice to-day. One that has meant more to our people in many ways than anything else, was the holy dance. In the old holiness movements, there was occasionally a man that would jump up and down when he was "moved by the Spirit," as they said, but for a whole church to jump at the same time in unison was something that had never been heard of in any religious organization. The Lord showed Sister White that He was waiting to revive the holy dance, and that it would be pleasing to Him for the whole church—men and women—everybody that was saved—to go to praising Him in the dance. She had seen a few men jumping around in religious services, but not in the sense of the holy dance, as we have it to-day, where all participate in unison.

In the holy dance in our services, the sexes never mingle, men dance alone and together and likewise the women. When they went at it all heaven smiled upon them, and greater things were opened up through it than they had any conception of.

One of the Denver newspapers called us the Jumpers in its headline, and from that time the public has taken it up and is the name by which we are known from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The name is perhaps attached to us in derision, but we cheerfully accept it and go on jumping. Hallelujah!

Are Early at Devotions.

The "Jumpers" get up in the morning at 6 o'clock and pray till breakfast at 9. They pray singly or together, from then till night, in the fields, on the shady banks of the neighboring brook, in the silence of their chambers. They hold services three times Sundays, with more prayers, songs, jumping, and "testimonies." When a missionary sets out to preach, they gather and pray for him. They say one of these workers left for Paterson penniless, but when they prayed a stranger came up to the traveler and gave him $2. The Jumpers cite numerous cases in which they have "prayed themselves into" shoes, uniforms and food with no trouble at all.

"Last week," to quote Bridwell, "we had no money with which to purchase certain supplies and meet some payments, but the Lord sent us in a sufficient sum, and has been sending us in smaller amounts from day to day."

New York Can Wait.

New York—"the purple woman of Babylon"—will not hear their prayers for the present. They have no immediate plans for coming here as "Elijah" Dowie did. Their missionaries, however, have already preached here as they have in Paterson, Newark, New Brunswick, Somerville, Bound Brook, and Philadelphia.

When a person is ill they pour oil on his or her body and pray—that is all, they say. The body is anointed because people mentioned in the Bible did it. Their idea of "healing" by prayer is made clear by this case reported by Bridwell. He says:

The other day one of our sisters unwittingly swallowed a piece of broken glass, and another piece lodged in her throat. Her condition became quite serious, and we saw at once that God would have to undertake. A prayer meeting was called, in which a number of persons importuned the Lord for her immediate relief. While we were assembled the victory came; our sister began to praise the Lord and claimed deliverance. Suddenly she started to shouting uproariously and, turning about, we saw a piece of glass in her hand that had been dislodged from her throat. She had endeavored a number of times before to get it out without avail. Since then she has been all right, and testifies that a miracle was wrought in her behalf.

Conflict with State's Laws.

These methods of treating disease are in direct conflict with the laws of New Jersey. When a person dies in Weston the fact must be reported to Dr. William C. Long of Somerville, county physician of Somerset county, in which the settlement is located. A failure to do so is punishable with a fine of $500. The county physician must investigate the cause of death, and if he finds it was due to neglect, abuse, or violence, he refers the case to one of the coroners of the county. At the office of the prosecuting attorney of Somerset county it was said that if a person should die without medical attendance and after no other treatment than the pouring of oil and prayer the persons involved could be held for criminal negligence and an indictment for manslaughter would probably follow.

The first death at Zarephath of which County Physician Long has knowledge occurred last February. A man in the community fell from the roof of a barn and was fatally injured. A doctor was hastily summoned from Bound Brook, but could not save his life. The body was buried on the farm—the first in a plot of ground set aside by the Jumpers for their graveyard. No other deaths had been reported from Zarephath, Dr. Long said.

In June last, when one of the women in the community was seized with religious insanity, there was no place to keep her in the settlement. Dr. Long was notified and had her sent to the Somerset County Insane asylum.

As the sister continued her conversation with the reporter, the monotonous notes of the piano had been merged with the click of the windmill, the hum of bees, and the chatter of children. Then a man and a woman began to talk in the next room. They might have been quarreling. Their voices were pitched high, now both speaking together unintelligibly. Then followed silence for a moment, then a single voice in great excitement:

In Fervent Prayer.

"Oh, help, help us—Show us the way—Oh, we've done wrong—We thank Thee—We bow before Thee—Help—help us—O Lord—"

The communistic plan of Zarephath is a success, if the rich fruits of field, garden, and truck patch count for anything. At the beginning of every week the work of the colony is divided among the men and women, with little or no distinction between the sexes. The men wash dishes, cook, and make beds, just as the older boys plow and the women work in the gardens. In the Zarephath building the men are lodged at one end, the women at the other, and the children on a lower floor.

They eat two meals a day. Breakfast is at 9 in the morning and dinner at 4. Each is preceded by prayers, and perhaps with testimonies, singing, and marching.

"All of these services, the prayer meetings, our marriage service, and the ceremonies at the graves have no regular order," explained the sister; "it is largely arranged as the spirit of God moves us."

Life of the Little Jumpers.

Scriptural injunction is followed in the kitchen as well as the bare little chapel. Pork is eschewed as unclean; so are "fish without scales." Fruits and cereals form the bases of the favorite dishes.

What of the 30 little children who live in such surroundings? They pray as they play. Their ills are treated, too, with oil poured on their bodies and by prayer. They learn to jump and go to the meetings and give strange "testimonies."

Services for Children.

The children have special services to pray for clothes and the missionaries. They have prayer meetings every morning from 6:30 to 7:30 o'clock. They also have "praise services" distinct from those of their elders. They range in age from babyhood to 10 or 12 years. "In the school term" one of the Jumpers explained, "we also teach them in secular knowledge, including some of the high school branches."

TURKEY OUR NOBLEST BIRD.

Crossing with the Wild Species to Improve Market Product.

The most notable American bird in the farm category is the turkey, growing as he does to the great weight of 30 and even 40 pounds, and losing nothing in flavor and toothsomeness.

Likewise, the most regal of our remaining game girds is his blood brother, the wild turkey, from which he has descended.

There is perhaps no instance where domestication has scored so little in improvement as with the turkey. In fact, in some respects the taming and breeding have hurt instead of helped the species.

No prize domestic gobbler is ever so beautifully marked or so resplendent with feathers of black shaded with rich bronze and illuminated with a lustrous finish of burnished copper as is the typical wild turkey, while the vigor and vitality of the wild bird is such that to this day we strengthen the most virile of our bronze turkeys by an infusion of the wild blood.

Rhode Island stands for the best in turkey production. The last census shows less than 7,000,000 turkeys in the United States and only about 5,000 produced annually in Rhode Island, yet, according to a turkey expert, if all the turkeys of the country were of such good quality as Rhode Island's, their total value would be doubled.

According to the department of agriculture, the growing of turkeys has greatly improved during the last few years as a result of a determined effort on the part of producers of "standard bred" stock to demonstrate that it is much more profitable to use pure breeding stock than the smaller and less vigorous stock of times past.

The wild turkey is also being used to instill further new vigorous blood into the bronze flocks. Inbreeding is the fatal defect among the practice of many turkey growers.

The fact that turkeys will from the time that they are six weeks old until winter gain the greater part of their entire living from bugs, insects, grasshoppers and waste grain assures their existence during this period at little or no cost to the grower where there is a sufficient range for the birds.

What a Duke's Son Looks Like.

The Duke of Devonshire, as all the world knows never went in much for dress, consequently his presence as a pedestrian in the West End was hardly ever noticed. When Marquis of Hartington it was his daily practice to walk from the house, up Waterloo Place, down Piccadilly to Devonshire House, taking mental note of the people he passed and always being interested in the shop windows. He generally stood for some time looking at the photos shown at the stationers. One day a man and a woman were looking at the same photos. "Look, Mary," said the man, "this one's the Marquis of Hartington, son of the Duke of Devonshire." "Oh John," said the woman, "I may be ignorant, but I ain't no fool. That kind of looking chap the son of a Duke! No nonsense for me. Come on." The duke must have thought of the proverb about listeners.—London P. T. O.

Nineteen-Hour Days.

"Our hours," said a nature student, "are nothing to the birds'. Why, some birds work in the summer 19 hours a day. Indefatigably they clear the crops of insects.

"The thrush gets up at 2:30 every summer morning. He rolls up his sleeves and falls to work at once. And he never stops till 9:30 at night. A clean 19 hours. During that time he feeds his voracious young 200 times.

"The blackbird starts work at the same time as the thrush, but he lays off earlier. His whistle blows at 7:30, and during his 17-hour day he sets about 100 meals before his kiddies.

"The titmouse is up and about by 3 mouse is said to feed his young, 417 in the morning, and his stopping time is 9 at night. A fast worker, the titmeals—meals of caterpillar mainly—in the long, hard, hot day."

Sermon in a Few Words.

We are very much impressed by something we saw and heard while passing along the street a few evenings since. A young girl was standing in front of a store, and near her, with a hang-dog expression on his face, was a young stripling of a boy. As we passed the two, the girl said to the boy: "Any one who speaks of my father as 'the old man' is not worthy of my respect." From the tone of her voice, we knew that the girl spoke from the impulse of a moment, but there was a whole sermon in her utterance. We don't know the girl, but if she lives she will develop into a noble womanhood, and the world will be the better for her having lived in it. And the boy, if he has any redeeming qualities in him, will profit by the lesson given him in that one sentence.—Burlington Chronicle.

Senator Pettus' Library.

The late Senator Pettus of Alabama was a "Forty-niner," going overland to California in the early days and engaging in placer mining. He took with him on that long and tedious journey three books, the Bible, Shakespeare and Burns' poems.

He said of them at one time not long since: "I read the Bible from cover to cover; I read the side notes; I read the captions of the chapters; I learned great parts of it by heart, and I haven't forgotten them yet. I learned many of Burns' poems by heart and much of Shakespeare in the same way, too." Such reading of these three books was an education in itself. It is not likely that many miners engaged in that search for wealth spent their leisure in as profitable a way.

Long Overdue.

"What," queried the very young man, "was the happiest day of your life?"

"It hasn't come yet," answered the oldest inhabitant, sadly.

"Hasn't come yet!" echoed the other in surprise. "When do you think it will come?"

"When people cease to ask fool questions," answered the old man.

Our Pattern Department

A MODISH LITTLE COAT.

Pattern No. 5693.—This smart design for a girls' coat is shown in a development of dark green broadcloth. It is simply shaped by shoulder and under-arm seams, and a flat facing cut in fanciful outline extends to the lower edge in front and back; although if preferred it may be omitted. A notched collar affords neck completion, and the full bishop sleeves are gathered into prettily shaped cuffs. The mode is an excellent one for reproduction in English suiting tweed, serge, pongee, taffeta and pique. For a girl of nine years two yards of 54-inch material will he required. Sizes for 8, 9, 10, 12 and 14 years.

This pattern will be sent to you on receipt of 10 cents. Address all orders to the Pattern Department of this paper. Be sure to give size and number of pattern wanted. For convenience, write your order on the following coupon:

No. 5693.	
SIZE	
NAME	
ADDRESS	

LADIES' APRON AND DUSTING CAP.

Pattern No. 5598.—This practical apron is of generous size and well adapted to the various household occupations that require a complete covering for the dress. The garment is simply shaped by underarm seams and is fastened in the back by a button and buttonhole. The cap is made of the same material as the apron, but will also serve as a pattern for a bathing cap to be made of oil silk. Holland, denim, gingham and linen are all suitable fabrics for the making. The medium size will require four and one-quarter yards of 36-inch material for the apron and three-quarters of a yards for the cap. Sizes for small, medium and large.

This pattern will be sent to you on receipt of 10 cents. Address all orders to the Pattern Department of this paper. Be sure to give size and number of pattern wanted. For convenience, write your order on the following coupon:

No. 5598.	
SIZE	
NAME	
ADDRESS	

Bishop Has Large Diocese.

The Episcopal bishop of Lucknow presides over a diocese greater in extent than the whole of Great Britain, it having a population of about 48,000,000, of whom only 102,000 are Christians.

New System of Sea Signals.

Holland seems to be pioneering a new development of sea signals which may render coast lightships of double utility to vessels in times of fog. At a point of the North sea northeast of Texel island is moored the Dutch lightship Haaks, which for some days now has been equipped with a novel system of submarine signals by means of sunken bells. In fog, snow or hail, or whenever from any cause the weather is judged "thick" enough, these bells can be sounded once every three seconds. The system has been installed as a practical working test, and if the results are deemed to be good enough it will be adopted generally on all Dutch lightships—perhaps also on those of Belgium.—London Globe.

Colored Views.

"I tell you for a modern business man, Black is white."

"That's because he's green yet."

"I don't agree with either of you. I found him rather blue this morning."

"Oh, that was on account of a personal reason. He is sensitive about being gray so soon."—Baltimore American.

CONCRETE TELEGRAPH POLES.

Test of Some Made from This Material Proves Satisfactory.

Next to railroad ties telegraph and telephone poles use up vast quantities of trees, and it is hoped that concrete poles will be found cheaper in both initial cost and endurance.

Concrete telegraph poles may be made of various forms, sizes and reinforcement. Those above mentioned taper from eight inches square at the bottom to six inches at the top, the corners are chamfered two inches, and they are reinforced by two dozen one-quarter inch wires running the full length of the pole. All necessary holes, for braces, cross-arms, and steps, are made in the molding.

Strange to say, remarks Popular Mechanics, concrete poles show great elasticity as well as strength, the former depending upon the steel reinforcement. Another style of pole, tapering from ten inches to five inches, and reinforced by triangular pieces one inch wide at each of the three corners, was subjected to the following test: It was connected by a cable to a cedar pole 25 feet distant, and at a height of 21 feet from the ground. Midway from the cable was suspended a gradually increasing weight. When each pole had been deflected 21 inches and the load had reached 975 pounds, the concrete pole began to crack from the ground to the cable; but as soon as the load was taken off, it straightened up. It seems to be as good as ever, for it has been in use for heavy guy wires ever since, which is more than a year. This style of pole, 35 feet long, can be made in quantity at seven dollars, which is cheaper than wood, provided no contract is paid to a contractor.

THE GERM OF "UNSUCCESS."

Doubt of Self Is at the Root of All Failures.

The germ of unsuccess is persistent, cankerous doubt of self. It may enter a man's soul suddenly on the heels of an unforeseen disaster, or gain an ever-increasing hold on him through a score of years. It may devastate him like a fever, or slowly sap his spirit's strength like an insidious creeping malady. In the end the result is the same; he is overthrown, done for, unless the one effective antidote is taken. The germ of the disease is everywhere. An abrupt change for the apparently worse in a man's circumstances—a shaking-up of the hitherto comfortable conditions of his life, and a perfect cloud of dust arises, which he, poking around in the debris, is poisoned by. What business has he going over these past conditions? His business is with the vital present, which teems with possibilities for him whose heart is incased in the triple armor—strength of hope, strength of will, strength of enthusiasm. He who is thus tricked out is immune, be he never so old or physically frail. Unsuccess for such a one can never be more than the foe that gives zest to the battle. And who would wish to go down to the grave without ever having conquered untoward conditions and turned them at the last to his advantage? Who would wish never to have fought at all? There is scant honor in such a life and no "trailing clouds of glory" at its close.—The Circle.

Trade Should All Be America's.

The west coast countries of South America are nearly 2,000 miles closer to the manufacturing districts of the United States than they are to the manufacturing districts of Europe.

Peculiar Love Making.

A German baron thought the best way to win his lady love was to threaten to tell that she had murdered her mother. There are all kinds of ideas of how to make love in this world.

Better Collateral.

The diamond reef in Pike county, Ark., may be the "real thing," but the tomato crop in little Delaware looks like better collateral. Three million dollars in tomatoes makes a brave show.—New York Sun.

Signal Flags.

The flags to be hoisted at one time in signaling at sea never exceed four. It is an interesting arithmetical fact that, with 18 various colored flags, and never more than four at a time, no fewer than 78,642 signals may be given.

Quite Likely.

We understand that Sir Thomas Fraser, whom the London Gazette described as "deceased" the other day, has become a member of the Anti-Premature Burial society.—Punch.

MARKET REPORTS.

	Cincinnati, Aug. 30.		
CATTLE—Extra	$5 25	@	6 00
CALVES—Extra	7 25	@	7 50
HOGS—Choice	6 35	@	6 45
SHEEP—Extra	2 00	@	5 00
LAMBS—Extra	7 65	@	7 75
FLOUR—Spring pat.	5 15	@	5 40
WHEAT—No. 2 red		@	89
CORN—No. 2 mixed		@	62½
OATS—No. 2 mixed	52	@	52½
RYE—No. 2 choice	81	@	82
HAY—Ch. timothy	19 00	@	19 50
BUTTER—Dairy		@	17½
EGGS—Per doz		@	20
APPLES—Choice	3 50	@	4 50
POTATOES—Per bbl.		@	3 00
TOBACCO—Burley	8 50	@	18 75
CHICAGO.			
WHEAT—No. 2 red	89¾	@	90¼
CORN—No. 2 mixed		@	54½
OATS—No. 2 mixed	45½	@	46
PORK—Prime mess	16 35	@	16 40
LARD—Prime		@	8 95
NEW YORK.			
FLOUR—Win. patent	3 60	@	3 85
WHEAT—No. 2 red		@	96½
CORN—No. 2 mixed		@	61
OATS—No. 2 mixed		@	50½
PORK—Prime mess	17 75	@	18 50
LARD—Steam	9 10	@	9 20
BALTIMORE.			
WHEAT—No. 2 red		@	89½
CORN—No. 2 mixed		@	59½
OATS—No. 2 mixed		@	50
LOUISVILLE.			
WHEAT—No. 2 red		@	75
CORN—No. 2 mixed		@	50
OATS—No. 2 mixed		@	36
HOGS—Extra	5 50	@	6 20
LARD—Steam		@	9 50
INDIANAPOLIS.			
CATTLE—Prime	5 50	@	5 75
HOGS—Extra	6 00	@	6 20
SHEEP—Extra	4 60	@	4 65

WHERE HE MADE HIS HIT.

Youthful Thespian Put New Business Into Old Part.

Half a dozen actors, just back from "the road," were exchanging experiences around a table in the grill room of the Lambs.

"You were dunned as usual by amateurs?" the musical comedy man asked of a star "in the legitimate."

"Yes, almost every town," the erstwhile Hamlet-Romeo-Claude Melnotte replied. "At one place out west—I won't say what town—a nice young fellow waited at the stage door to tell me he wanted to be a real Shakespearean actor.

"'You've had experience?' I asked.

"'Oh, yes; I recited Marc Anthony's speech at the holiday meeting of our lyceum, and did one of Daniel Webster's orations last commencement, and played in "Romeo and Juliet."'

"'What did you play in "Romeo and Juliet?"'

"'I played the Apothecary—made "This took my breath away, for there are not a dozen lines in the part, and they don't amount to anything. So I asked: 'How could you make a hit in the Apothecary?'

"'Well, you see, it was this way,' the young fellow replied. 'You know the old man is starving to death and hasn't seen the color of a coin for goodness knows how long. When Romeo gives him money the sight of it is such a shock that I made the Apothecary fall in a fit. It was a great hit. The people out in front clapped and clapped till the stage hands come out and dragged me off. Yes—it was such a success I went out and took an encore. I fell in another fit.'"—N. Y. Times.

KINDLING FIRE WITH STICKS.

How It Is Accomplished in the Old South Sea Way.

The matches had been forgotten, and it looked as if it would be impossible, for lack of fire, to roast the clams on the beach.

"Boys," said the young Malay prince, a Harvard student, "I'll show you, now how to make a fire by rubbing two sticks together. It is a hard and wearisome thing to do, but we must cook these clams. Mark Twain says you can't rub fire out of sticks. Now I'll show you that he is wrong. He doesn't know how to go about it, that's the trouble."

An oaken log lay on the sand. With the hatchet the prince made a narrow groove in the log, a canal two feet long. Then he cut off from one end an oaken peg a foot long and the thickness of his wrist. This he sharpened into the likeness of a huge lead pencil.

"Now," he said.

And kneeling, he began to rub the sharp end of the peg up and down in the groove. He rubbed as hard and as fast as he could. His broad breast heaved with the labor, his handsome brown face dripped with heat.

But at the end of five minutes the groove began to send up little blue wisps of smoke into the clear air and a moment later a tiny flame flickered and vanished.

"Have that straw ready," gasped the prince.

And when the tiny flame next appeared, a youth lighted a bit of straw with it, and it was not much later before the clams were roasting over a fire kindled, in the incredible South sea way, by the rubbing of two sticks.

"It all lies in the method," said the prince. "You must have your groove and your pointed peg. Otherwise a week's rubbing would be quite vain."

Waiting for More.

When little Jennie became the proud possessor of a new baby brother she was asked to sell the baby.

"No," was the emphatic answer; "you can't have this one. Wait until I have got a whole lot of them and then I will give one to you."—Judge.

An Unexpected Calamity.

Foxy Husband—My dear, you know I promised you a diamond necklace this year—

Helpful Wife—I know you did, but let it go—the water pipes burst last night.—N. Y. Weekly.